THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XX. {PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. & W. Corner of Third and Chestnut Streets. Second Story.} PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 26, 1840. {TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. $2 17 PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 85 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS.} WHOLE NO. 1013.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Intercession.

BY CAROLINE W. E. RANE, WEST POINT.

"They mustered at the hunted breath the cypress tree—
Away, they cried, 'young stranger thou art free!'"

Byron.

Midnight came. The silvery moon rose high,
The glittering stars had deck'd the cloudless sky;
The whole world hushed, as if the solemn hour
Disturbed the holy fulness of the time:
In mental strife a captive's sorrow
To tell a whisper to the Indian's dream.
All, all was still—not did an earthly sound
Betray to the savage group that slept around;
Even the victim slept. No thoughts of home,
Nor loved ones left afar, with her now fill'd her soul,
Bastard'd him then. All slept save one;
For in his breast there dwelt revenge alone
Silent he stood, the sovereign of the land,
The fierce, revengeful chieftain! Powhattan
Is the name he heard—his fiery hatch like eye
Was fixed unmoved upon the stately sky.
"Spirit!" he said, "for thy sake I confine for!"
The warrior speaks! "The white man, he must die!"
The victim's cheek grew'd to the hard
And then again all hearer was still around
Save that he heard the rivulet's bright wash
His hand he raised, and in the Indian murmured "go!"
"Pale face! arise! thy captive's end is near!
Thy hour has come, and let the red man hear!"
The wounds now flowed—upon the mossy ground
Was stretched the victim! Not a groan was heard
The chieftain stood—the war club in his hand
Raised high over his form and savage head
High in the air the deadly weapon flew...
A moment more and where was the foe?
A stroke now burst upon the stilly air—
The chieftain paused—no feature of his face was there!
Father! the scene—the attempt must not be!
Yet secrets crossed—a tear believe! he eye
The child of the mercy—his arm to strike was slow.
The weapon fell—the Indian murmured "go!"
Away! the scene—the cause was known
Go, brave the redman—stranger thou art free!"

West Point, N. Y. Dec. 7, 1840.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Grace Levering.

A Story of the Revolutionary War.

BY E. J. PERSON.

"He was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight
And rose where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory!" Byron.

Grace Levering was the pride of her village. She was a beautiful girl, and her graceful air and unstudied ease, and pensive and dejected countenance of despondency that gained her friends every where. No one saw her without admiring her. Every body pronounced that she was the loveliest maiden in ——, and while a crowd of visitors were assembling for her hand, all the greatest of the town speculated upon which would be the successful candidate. At length, however, it was universally conceded that Clark's Weymouth was the favored lover, and he was indeed somewhere except at Mr. Levering's, and Grace always blushed crimson when she was teased about the young collegian. The time was approaching for the election of ——, and every tea table gossip put the matter down as settled.

For once they were in the right. If ever two innocent beings loved with all that fervor and purity which pants sing of and novelists describe, Grace Levering and Clark Weymouth were those two. They thought only of each other when absent, and they heard or saw no one else when present. Clark had staid for four days at a time on one that we are parting to meet no more. Indeed, indeed it is not a mere girlish fear," said Grace, and a flood of tears, as her lover shook his head incredulously.

"Forgive me, dearest, I did not mean that. But Grace, you only see the dark side, and all will soon fit away. You are melancholy to-night, and your feelings bias your judgment. Yes, Grace," and he kissed her again and again, and spoke gaily and encouragingly. "we will meet in happier times."

"Oh! do not blame me for making you sad by talking thus. But indeed I could not help it. I pray that you may be right and I be wrong."

"God grant it, Grace,—and now again and again, farewell, dearest Grace. He had come to B—— to study law in the office of his uncle; and consequently no one dreamed of the marriage of the young couple for some years to come, for although Grace would be an heiress, yet both.ers in those days were not quite so rich as they are now, and a wealthy husband was looked for by young fades to get wedded before the lover had at least attained his majority. So Grace and Charles, although secretly betrothed, thought, only at a distance, of the time when they should be united.

Time passed more than a year. Charles was over at the side of Grace, and their love only strengthened as time elapsed. If a party took place anywhere they would contrive to get in the same carriage. Grace was pleased Charles was Grace's attendant; they sat together in the same pew at church; they walked together to the summer evenings; and when the winter came near, the more whirled along the waste, it was at Mr. Levering's friends, and there in Grace, that Charles' home was always spent. Happy days! why did they not continue?

It was at the height of the Revolutionary war. Hitherto the tide of battle had been confined to New England, and to the vicinity of New York, but now, after desolating New Jersey, it was ranging around and in the immediate neighborhood of B——. As the danger therefore became imminent, many, who had remained at home hitherto, entered their names, and joined the army of Washington, as much in despair perhaps as in hope. It was the darkest era of the contest. The British had overrun the whole of New Jersey through which their communications extended from Camden to South Amboy and New Brunswick. With the exception of every county of the young republic was overawed by the presence of the royal troops. At such a time no patriot could afford to be idle. Young as he was, Charles felt that his duty required him to join the army, and resisting alike the arguments of his uncle, and the importunities of all except Grace, he determined to enter the service of either the cause of his country, or perish nobly under the ruins of its liberty.

"But why have you been so silent on this subject, dear Grace?" said he, one bright autumnal day, during a walk they were taking together. "why have you, who ought to exercise most influence upon my actions, studiously avoided either expressing pleasure or displeasure at my determination? I have been going to act a hundred times, dear Grace, whether I ought to go or stay, but you have always until now avoided my question."

"What advice could a simple girl like I give, Charles!" said Grace, as she raised her mild blue eyes, with a look of the deepest love, to the face of Weymouth. "You know the duty requires of you, and it would, I am sure, be wrong for me to bias you on such an important matter."

"Spoken like my own Grace. You know not, dear one, how hard it is for me to leave you, and I struggled long against the conviction of my duty. But it was in vain. Our beloved country is in danger, and I feel that all who can, ought to assist her. Even your love, sweet Grace, cannot be assured to me if we are conquered in this struggle: for let my uncle say what he will our land defied will be the type of a general proscription and perhaps exile. I am young; but I am strong. Those who are feebler than I am have already taken the field, and I feel it to be a reproach on me, to remain idly at home, when foreign foes, and domestic cabals are uniting to crush our freedom."

"And I would not bid you stay," said Grace, her face eyes beaming with enthusiastic admiration—for a young and loving heart always beats in sympathy with whatever is noble in conduct or sentiment—"no, Charles, go, and may God prosper you, and our bleeding country."

Was not that a holy moment for Weymouth? To find his lofty enthusiasm echoed back by Grace with such pure self-devotion, was more than he had dreamed of in his brightest vision. He had expected he betrothed, it is true, to oppose nothing to his determination, but he had not imagined that he could find him by such a noble sacrificing patriotism. He clasped her to his bosom; he kissed her again and again; he called her by a hundred endearing names.

His preparations were soon finished, and he joined the army—his family's interest being sufficient to procure him an ensign's commission. The night before he departed was devoted to Grace. It was a sweet, yet melancholy pleasure which they both enjoyed on that evening. Hither to they had looked more at the bright than at the dark side of the picture,—but now, at the moment of separation, their hearts were filled with anxious doubts. Grace especially felt a vague undefinable sensation of dread, shadowing her heart, and growing momentarily more powerful, as if it was a presentiment of evil, sent by her evil genius, to detract from the pleasure of the dangers to which her lover would be exposed. She thought of the bride, and expanse of a tent-pagne—and most of all of the fiery spirit which, she felt, would constantly be harrying Charles into unnecessary perils. Then, now pictured her lover wounded on the field of battle,—and now imagined him dying, with none to succor him. Her behold his bleeding corpse—and saw him barriedly buried. Such thoughts filled her breast with uneasy emotions, and as the hour for their separation approached, they became more agitated. But not for a moment did she repent of her lover's determination.

"Promise me, Grace," said Weymouth, rising to take his leave, "I must bid you adieu. God bless you my dear girl! I hope soon to return victorious, telling you that our country is free. Farewell, dearest Grace, farewell!"

"Must you go so soon?" said poor Grace, unable longer to check her emotions "oh! Charles,"

"I will return as soon as possible, sweet one," said Charles, endeavoring to assume manliness in his bosom, "and believe me, Grace, at my midnight watch fire, or even in the smoke of battle, I shall think of you."

"I know it, I know it. It was not of that I spoke. But oh! Charles, I feel somehow as if I should see you again. There is a presentiment on me that we are parting to meet no more. Indeed, indeed it is not a mere girlish fear," said Grace, her heart full of fond fears, as her lover shook his head incredulously.

"Forgive me, dearest, I did not mean that. But Grace, you only see the dark side, and all will soon fit away. You are melancholy to-night, and your feelings bias your judgment. Yes, Grace," and he kissed her again and again, and spoke gaily and encouragingly. "we will meet in happier times."

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"Spoken like my own Grace. You know not, dear one, how hard it is for me to leave you, and I struggled long against the conviction of my duty. But it was in vain. Our beloved country

"Grace, dear Grace," he said, lifting his hat, "have you forgotten me?"

"Charles! is it—yes! it is my Charles," said the agitated girl, as she fell almost fainting into her lover's arms.

What more is left to tell? Charles had little difficulty in proving that the report of his death was untrue, and Grace found that he was still living, though dreadfully emaciated. It appeared that he had indeed fallen in the battle of Princeton, but being only severely wounded, he had been consequently made a prisoner, and carried to New York. There he had been confined in a prison-hulk, notwithstanding the rank as ensign. Fruitless, however, he had, at length, managed to escape, and, after undergoing the greatest hardships, he had reached B——, in the manner, and at the moment, we have described.

Grace soon recovered her old sparkle, and was again as joyous as ever. Still however, the sorrows through which she had past, left some traces in her character, but they rendered it more sweet, and purer, and holier than before.

Charles, after refusing, after his restoration to health, to the army, and was received with open arms by his old companions, who had long thought him dead. He rose rapidly, and left the service ultimately with the rank of colonel.

It was only about six months after the return of Weymouth, when a gay company assembled in B——, at the house of Mr. Levering, to witness the marriage of Grace and Charles. Never did the bridal girl look more beautiful than on that happy occasion. The half-veiled smile upon her features, and the calm expression of felicity in her eye, gave her a new expression of modesty and sweetness, rendering her, to every eye, but especially to that of Charles, more lovely than ever. The parents blessed the union; the minister pronounced the impressive ceremony; and Charles pressed a husband's first kiss upon the brow of the lily of B——.

Thus but a simple tale, yet it is "an own true one." Secure in the enjoyment of peace and liberty, we too often forget, at the day, the sufferings of the revolution. How many a bright being, and how many a lofty-minded youth perished in that age, the sea in battle, and the other a broken heart! It was and every one whose silent grief was turned into rejoicing, as was that of the pure, the sorrowing, but now happy GRACE LEVERING.

Clairfelt Hall, Dec. 1840.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Sleep.

Dieux, engare de Sommeil, Nuits, maîtresse de monde
Toute beauté des lèvres je te nomme!
Corneille.

I hail thee Lady,
The sweet, the sweet,
Heavens and nature's,
Of all the world!
From thee have came
The palmiest moments are,
The sweetest store,
Fair home of all my heart!
Belong to you

And on thy ground I come
That knows no gloom,
Bright Heaven is that of grace
Forever bloom

And there the gentlest sea,
Shines ever bright
And sheds its softest upon
A flood of light.

There the whole world did bow
To thy command,
But those are fallen now
Thou mostly kind.

Alas! there not the seats
As then had been,
The great, the fame of yore
No more are seen.

The palaces lie low,
Pre not fond of song,
And none had cry grow
Their halls belong

The waves hills no more
Wear the same noon,
And on the Thame's shore
Ruins are seen.

Who could have thought that there
So great of pow,
Could be as those all now,
Reduced to no more!

M. E. B.

Kate Naughtan.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

"Will you, then, leave us then, Connor, and put all to hazard in the hope of realising a vision of liberty? For, oh! believe me, the power of England will prove too much for our half-starved and ill-armed countrymen."

"Nay, dear Kate, you undervalue the courage and resources of our gallant friends. And should we succeed, the happy days of Ireland will return."

"Should you succeed! Ah! Connor, you know not what unbridled passions are about to be let loose, and which will overwhelm the good friend. Along the margins of the streams, and in the meadows, the grass was long and green, while fields of waving corn, and forest trees, and the struggling sturdily for life. The woods, however, were covered with leaves, and the vegetation was almost every where rife with existence. The sun was coming south to their greater height; the lacs were blooming in the forests: the air was laden with fragrance as of a Paradise,—and over all the scene poured forth from the noise of the village, and the rays of the setting sun streamed out over hill and plain and valley.

John Naughtan, although past the meridian of life, and in possession of a comfortable farm, had become deeply imbued with the spirit of the politics of the age, and had determined to risk all for the cause of freedom. Connor had long been a favorite with his father, who had consented to his union with Kate Naughtan, half fainting, on her lover's bosom.

Connor strove to assure her, and, in part, succeeded. He told her that he would keep as much out of harm's way as he could, and that, above all things, he would unceasingly strain over the safety of her father, who had embarked in the same cause as himself.

"Should you succeed! Ah! Connor, you know not what unbridled passions are about to be let loose, and which will overwhelm the good friend. Along the margins of the streams, and in the meadows, the grass was long and green, while fields of waving corn, and forest trees, and the struggling sturdily for life. The woods, however, were covered with leaves, and the vegetation was almost every where rife with existence. The sun was coming south to their greater height; the lacs were blooming in the forests: the air was laden with fragrance as of a Paradise,—and over all the scene poured forth from the noise of the village, and the rays of the setting sun streamed out over hill and plain and valley.

"And can you charge that upon me, or upon your father, James Redmond?" inquired Connor mildly. "Were we not always ready to receive you: to treat you as the son of my father's friend, and should he cease to be so? I implore you to pause, ere you raise your hand against those who ever desired to do you good."

"Was it for me or for my poor father especially, what he was pleased to call my views, to my poor mother? Was it for my good that you and he rejected me with scorn, when I asked your hand in marriage? Oh! this is a new-fashioned pendence, this wherein I am compelled to choose between my father and my country!"

Reader, you probably expect a description of the personal beauty of my heroine. Of course you expect her to be beautiful as an angel, and in possession of every virtue and grace that the poet's willest fancy could suggest. Reader, she was a woman—but born to dazzle the world with the brilliancy of her charms: but one whom the stirring nature of the scenes in which she was unfortunately to move has made my heroine. But if she did not possess those superlative charms in which modern novelists delight to deck their heroines, she possessed, at least, what many of the aforesaid novelists do not, a guileless heart, and true modesty of nature. It was these qualities which had won the no less honest heart of Connor O'Hanlan, whom all the losses round agreed was the handsomest lad in the county of Wicklow. Combined with a ready wit (and where is the Irishman that is not a wit in spite of himself), and an open and ingenuous disposition, Connor possessed undoubted courage and resolution. He soon singled out Kate Naughtan from the many much prettier, but not so clever and kind-hearted, girls around and won her, and shortly would have called her his wife: but that the intended rebellion was somewhat hastened to a catastrophe, by the untimely (or very opportune of some important papers connected with the proceedings of the United Irishmen, and thus forced that and event on before it had become well prepared.—The meeting was consequently delayed—but delayed only—for those deluded men reckoned on the total subversion of English power in Ireland, as a matter of comparative ease and certainty. It was arranged that Kate should take refuge in the house of a relative residing at Wexford, where her father hoped she would be quite safe from the effects of the storm which was about to burst forth with such fury.

The morning at length arrived for the departure of Kate for Wexford; and though she thought she had nerved herself to the task of parting with Connor, yet, when the moment really came which was to separate them, perhaps for ever, Kate could not help giving way to those tender emotions which had taken possession of her bosom; and tears of bitter sorrow coursed each other down her pallid cheek, as her lover pressed her to his heart, and kissed off the falling tears. But even this had decreed the sacrifice, and they must part. They parted with mutual assurances of faith and constancy.

Kate, accompanied by her father, whom it was arranged should take the first opportunity of joining the rebels, arrived safely in Wexford, where a kindly welcome awaited them from Mrs. Doyle, their relative.

Mr. Naughtan had risen early on the morning succeeding his arrival in Wexford, for the purpose of strolling about the town, desirous, if possible, to ascertain the state of feeling among the townsmen respecting the Government and the people in which he had embarked. While so occupied, a body of soldiers advanced to the house he had just left, headed by a serjeant, and who, entering without ceremony, left a guard in charge with the remainder. Alarmed by the entrance of soldiers, the servant called loudly to her mistress, and who, upon making her appearance, was accosted by the leader of the party, with a demand to know if Mr. Naughtan was within.

"It is in vain to deny that he is here: for he was seen to enter the house, in company with his daughter, yesterday," said he, perceiving Mrs. Doyle hesitate.

Kate, who had stood listening on the stairs, half petrified with fear, pale and trembling, now ascended to the room in which the leader of the party and Mrs. Doyle were conversing.

"Hah! Miss Naughtan, we have met again!" said the man, tauntingly, "it is now your turn to become the suitor: and, perhaps, I may not be so unkind as you were."

To the speech Kate vouchsafed no reply. She was too much distressed to answer the taunt: for she recognised in him who addressed her one who had, in former days, professed himself her admirer, but had been rejected.

James Redmond, after having led a dissolute life for some time in the parish in which he was born, had adopted the last resource of the desperate, and enlisted for a soldier; but having had a tolerable education, and as he was compelled to forego the indulgence of his vicious propensities now—the army being rather an unfavorable profession for the exercise of them—he soon, by the little superior knowledge he possessed, attracted the notice of his commanding officer, who had promoted him to a serjeantcy in the regiment.—Upon the breaking out of the troubles of 1798 he had been sent with a party of soldiers to search the house of some of the suspected patriots for arms: and among others, had searched that of Mr. Naughtan: but had reported to his superior that he had found nothing there, and that the family had left for Wexford: but he strongly recommended the arrest of Naughtan, if he could be found, as a suspected party: and, in accordance with that recommendation, he was ordered to keep a strict watch for him: nor had he to wait long, for, on the day following his report, he observed Mr. Naughtan, accompanied by his daughter, enter the town, and proceed to the house of Mrs. Doyle: and he, without delay, proceeded to inform his officer of the fact: but, in consequence of the absence of some of the soldiers on the necessary warrant could not be made out for his arrest. On the following morning it was obtained, and Redmond, with a party of soldiers, was dispatched to execute it.

Kate, for some moments after she was addressed by Redmond, sat in mute despair: for too well knew his character to doubt but that he would take every means to be revenged upon her father and herself, for the contempt with which he had been spurned as a suitor for her hand. At length, summoning up courage, she said—

"James Redmond, have you so far forgot the kind heart which, as children, we spent together, as to shed white, if any other offered to insult me, you were the first to resent it? and can you now act the part of the oppressor yourself?"

"You do well to remind me of the time when I was innocent and happy: for it acts but as an additional incentive to me to be revenged upon you and yours, for your unkindness, drove me from virtue's path," replied he.

"And can you charge that upon me, or upon my father, James Redmond?" inquired Kate mildly. "Were we not always ready to receive you: to treat you as the son of my father's friend? and should he cease to be so? I implore you to pause, ere you raise your hand against those who ever desired to do you good."

"Was it for me or for my poor father especially, what he was pleased to call my views, to my poor mother? Was it for my good that you and he rejected me with scorn, when I asked your hand in marriage? Oh! this is a new-fashioned pendence, this wherein I am compelled to choose between my father and my country! Your father preached his praises to me: held him up as a pattern for all to follow, and then you could tell me to be unselfish in the happiness of his daughter. I vowed then to be revenged, although I dreamt not of the means. I have been true to my promises, and I will use them. You have no means of eluding my vengeance. Your father will soon return to this house unsuspecting of harm: he shall be arrested, and here: here are the proofs of his guilt!" exclaimed Redmond, in a voice choked with passion, at the same time holding up to the view of the appalled girl some papers, which she at once recognised as implicating her father deeply in the rebellion.

At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, and shortly afterward Mr. Naughtan, in the custody of two soldiers, was brought into the room in which were Kate and Redmond. Kate instantly flew to her father, and throwing herself upon his bosom, burst into tears; and Redmond, continuing the soldiers to leave the room, was left alone with Naughtan and his daughter. There was a pause of some moments are either spoke. At length Mr. Naughtan broke the silence by demanding why he was arrested!

"On suspicion of being a rebel," laconically replied Redmond.

"And, upon mere suspicion, a man is to be arrested, and treated like a felon, is he?" said Naughtan.

"And upon mere suspicion; but, upon decided proof of guilt," replied Redmond with a sneer.

"Where are your proofs? Produce them!—Oh, I know your malice, James Redmond, and defy you!" exclaimed Naughtan, boldly.

"If you doubt my proofs, see here:" said Redmond, tauntingly, and producing the papers.—"Here is sufficient to hang you twenty times over. These papers I seized in your house; in my report to my commanding officer I made no mention of them. There is but one way of escaping, and that is, by Kate Naughtan becoming my wife; and as soon as that is the case these papers shall be destroyed."

"Sooner would I die twenty deaths, than that she should do so! What! marry her to one who has violated every sacred tie! who has sacrificed every attribute that adorns the man! Never! Sooner will we repose in one common grave, than be those disgraced."

"Then, die, like a dog!" furiously exclaimed Redmond; "and, perhaps, when you feel the hangman's fingers about your neck, you may wish you had decided differently."

He then moved to the door for the purpose of calling in the soldiers: but Kate, perceiving his intention, threw herself before him, and in piteous accents implore him to spare her father, and not condemn him to death.

"I do not condemn him, but his daughter," said he, sneeringly. "He blood be upon your head!"

"Oh, James! by the remembrance of your mother, who loved you tenderly, I implore you to relent! Call not the curses of the orphan down upon your head. Spare! Oh, spare! and receive the blessing of a grateful heart!"

Redmond seemed for a moment moved; and Kate, as if the remembrance of the scene which he had been treated again came across his mind, he replied savagely, "I have not curses: I want not to be cursed by wife and father's murderer. Refuse, and he dies! I'll give you till to-morrow to consider; and then, if you decide against me, the papers which I hold shall be in the hands of the proper authorities."

And, hurrying from Kate, he strode to the door, and beckoned the soldiers to advance. "It now becomes my duty to place you in safe custody, Mr. Naughtan," continued Redmond, formally.

"I am not for security in a rebellion!" interrupted he, "therefore, proceed, sir: I am ready to follow."

Kate threw herself into her father's arms, sobbing as though her heart would burst.

"Come, come, my dear child," said he, endeavouring, "to do our duty we to sorrow than: and I trust in God that he will protect us!" and, gently releasing her arms from his neck, he placed her in a chair, and left the room, in the custody of the soldiers, followed by Redmond, who, as he left the room, addressing Kate, said—

"Remember, I give you till to-morrow to consider: and if you then are obstinate, I shall at once give up the papers which I hold."

After they were gone, Kate sat for some moments in deep despondency: and then, as if some bright vision of hope had flitted across her mind, she suddenly started up, and sought her own room, and, hastily, altering herself, left the house unobserved.

Shortly before the hour of the troops assembling for parade, an orderly entered the apartment of Colonel Vallant, of the —th, first, then stationed at Wexford, and informed him that a young woman waited to speak with him upon urgent business, and, the regiment being instantly complete with, Kate Naughtan immediately entered the room. The Colonel motioned her to be seated; and, perceiving the agitation of the poor girl, begged her to compose herself ere she entered upon her business, which, after a few moments' pause, she commenced by requesting secrecy. She then related to Colonel Vallant the full particulars of her father's arrest, the seizure of his papers, and the menaces of Redmond, and ended by imploring the Colonel to save her father.

For some moments Colonel Vallant looked at her sternly, and then, addressing her, said—"Young woman, I fear your father has acted out of my power to save him, even if I were inclined. Those papers which you mention as being in the possession of Sergeant Redmond, will be my duty to demand of him, and submit to the higher authorities to decide upon."

Poor Kate! what fatal mistake had she committed! She had often heard of the power of Colonel Vallant (then commandant of the district), and never using but fair means, and there was a power above his that would have to decide upon her father's life or death. She had hoped, by a timely disclosure of her father's guilt, and an appeal to Colonel Vallant (who was respected and beloved by all around for his justice and humanity—rare qualities in Ireland at that time) to procure her father's pardon—and especially as he had taken no actual step in the rebellion.

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"Eleven o'clock in the morning, sir," replied Kate.

Colonel Vallant seemed to be lost in thought for some minutes, while Kate's heart panted with hope to her: but suddenly shaking his head, as if rejecting some scheme formed, he, with as much consideration as he could exercise, told Kate he was afraid, unless she could get possession of the papers from Redmond, that there was no hope of saving her father.

Kate, thus disappointed in her hopes, departed with a heavy heart. What should she do? how should she act? were the questions she often put to herself; but sought shadowed itself to her mind to avert the threatened danger—but one thing—the dreadful alternat to contemplate—to become the wife of James Redmond! She felt it would break her heart: but could she suffer her father to die! He who had so fondly loved and cherished her; who would have sacrificed every thing to pleasure "his darling!" should she selfishly let her happiness stand in the way of her father's safety! No, no; she would purchase his life, even at that cost. And Connor—poor Connor! what would he say, too, to hear that his Kate had become the wife of another! But, no matter; he the sacrifice what it might, she would make it, sooner than one hair of her father's head should be hurt. And having come to this heroic resolution, Kate strove to banish her sorrows in sleep—but in vain; and she rose the next morning, weary and spiritless.

The clock had struck eleven, when, as Sergeant Redmond requested to see Miss Naughtan, and was ushered into the room in which they had before met, where stood Kate, pale and care-worn, from her sleepless night, and the agitation of mind she had undergone.

"Well, Miss Naughtan," said Redmond, abruptly, "if I have now waited upon you for your final answer."

Kate looked piteously up at him, and, in the most imploring terms, strove to move him from his purpose.

"I'm in vain," said he, "your pleading any longer with me is useless: your father's guilt is proved every attribute that adorns the man! Never! Sooner will we repose in one common grave, than be those disgraced."

"Then, die, like a dog!" furiously exclaimed Redmond; "and, perhaps, when you feel the hangman's fingers about your neck, you may wish you had decided differently."

He then moved to the door for the purpose of calling in the soldiers: but Kate, perceiving his intention, threw herself before him, and in piteous accents implore him to spare her father, and not condemn him to death.

"I do not condemn him, but his daughter," said he, sneeringly. "He blood be upon your head!"

"Oh, James! by the remembrance of your mother, who loved you tenderly, I implore you to relent! Call not the curses of the orphan down upon your head. Spare! Oh, spare! and receive the blessing of a grateful heart!"

Redmond seemed for a moment moved; and Kate, as if the remembrance of the scene which he had been treated again came across his mind, he replied savagely, "I have not curses: I want not to be cursed by wife and father's murderer. Refuse, and he dies! I'll give you till to-morrow to consider; and then, if you decide against me, the papers which I hold shall be in the hands of the proper authorities."

And, hurrying from Kate, he strode to the door, and beckoned the soldiers to advance. "It now becomes my duty to place you in safe custody, Mr. Naughtan," continued Redmond, formally.

"I am not for security in a rebellion!" interrupted he, "therefore, proceed, sir: I am ready to follow."

Kate threw herself into her father's arms, sobbing as though her heart would burst.

"Come, come, my dear child," said he, endeavouring, "to do our duty we to sorrow than: and I trust in God that he will protect us!" and, gently releasing her arms from his neck, he placed her in a chair, and left the room, in the custody of the soldiers, followed by Redmond, who, as he left the room, addressing Kate, said—

"Remember, I give you till to-morrow to consider: and if you then are obstinate, I shall at once give up the papers which I hold."

After they were gone, Kate sat for some moments in deep despondency: and then, as if some bright vision of hope had flitted across her mind, she suddenly started up, and sought her own room, and, hastily, altering herself, left the house unobserved.

Shortly before the hour of the troops assembling for parade, an orderly entered the apartment of Colonel Vallant, of the —th, first, then stationed at Wexford, and informed him that a young woman waited to speak with him upon urgent business, and, the regiment being instantly complete with, Kate Naughtan immediately entered the room. The Colonel motioned her to be seated; and, perceiving the agitation of the poor girl, begged her to compose herself ere she entered upon her business, which, after a few moments' pause, she commenced by requesting secrecy. She then related to Colonel Vallant the full particulars of her father's arrest, the seizure of his papers, and the menaces of Redmond, and ended by imploring the Colonel to save her father.

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young beings wandered on from high noon until almost eightfold, threading tangled forests, crossing mountain streams, and scaling the rugged precipices crossing their path, in the vain hope of reaching the valley that lay at the foot of the hill. Often would Heinrich climb into a tree and fancy he saw the well-known hill behind the village a mile or so distant,—and often would he find that the fancied hill was only a wild spur of the mountain, covered with a forest as somber as it was strange. But Heinrich never despaired, and Gertrude bent her knees at new disappointments; he would cheer her with new hopes, carrying her in his arms, until she grew ashamed of her weakness, and would spring to the ground to rest. Mile after mile was thus left behind, but yet they saw no signs around them of human life. All was wild, solitary, sublime. Step by step they grew more uncertain of their course, and as night drew on, and the distance darkened into shadows, without any evidence of their having left the inclosure of their way, even the heart of Heinrich began to despond at last, though he still strove to smile on Gertrude, and hid her fear not.

"Oh! Heinrich, it is not fear," she would answer, "that I feel; for are you not by me? But it is that my mother, and yours too, Heinrich, will think all night that we are dead, if we do not get back to them. And it may be the truth too."

"No—no," interrupted her companion. "Oh! no, Gertrude, it cannot be. Though," added he pressing her to him, "if we die we will die together."

Meantime, amid their unavailing search for the lost path, the twilight had gathered around them, and the wind which had been shifting all round the heavens during the afternoon, came out, at length, from the black north, bringing with it from the avalanches on the loftier hills, the chill of mid-winter, and blending cloud after cloud into the frail limbo of the beautiful girl. The sky too became overcast, and black, many clouds, like those in Autumn, hung over the day sky, but were piled across the firmament. It was the first coming of winter. Often, in those upper regions, does the season appear, and vanish, during all vacillation; and the day that opens with a summer's warmth will shut in at sunset with the frost of December. Poor Gertrude was little accustomed to such changes, for dwelling in the valley, and brought up with tender nurture, she had never before been exposed to a winter storm, and only knew of it, as she had often heard it, from her father's fire-side, roaring among the hills. And now it came on in its fury, pelting fiercely on her unsheltered face for though Heinrich covered her tenderly as he would a dove, in his own mantle, yet even that, and his own encircling arms, could not keep out the keen breath of the tempest from those frail limbs. All hope of reaching their home was now lost. The keenest hunter on the hills might not have found his way amidst that fearful darkness, and what then could an ignorant, even though daring boy, do in these pathless forests? There was something terribly sublime in the coming on of that mountain storm. The thick darkness overhead, beneath, around—the rustle of the icy hail among the trees—the deep cover of the whirlwind in the forest grander than the choral Hallelujah of a minister, and the unfounded intonation of those two innocent young beings, alone, in the forest, with night setting in, and no covering for their heads but the tempest's own breeze. Well might Gertrude cling closer and closer to the breast of Heinrich as the storm howled fiercer overhead—and well might the trustgush subdue into even his eyes as he thought of the frail being whose heart now throbbed against his own, but who, before the morning dawn, might be cold upon that bosom. Oh! it was a fortune thought—no young heart, even the dear to him. And did he think not of himself? What!—selfish at such a time as that. Oh! no. Heinrich felt now real fear for the first time—a feeling bloomed on his bosom, and to save her he would have laid down his own existence. But the storm waged louder and louder, and the cold became intense as when it freezes the lakes in a single breath of the hurricane. Their final climb, ing could no keep out the biting blast, that the coat moment upon upon their garments. They felt that drowsiness was stealing upon them, and yet they knew not that it was death; but, clinging now tightly to each other's hearts, they sat, half sheltered against a tree, fast losing all recollection. A while they murmured of their lost way, of home, of hearts, and then there was a silence. Suddenly it flashed over Heinrich's fast-dimming memory, that it was time that was to sleep forever; and rousing himself he pressed Gertrude wildly to his bosom and conjured her to awake.

"Gertrude, dear, dear Gertrude," said he, "I wake only for a minute. Once more let me speak—to your heart—dear Heinrich—" murmured the sweet girl, half unconsciously as she received unconsciously at his passionate speculation.

"But Gertrude, oh! sleep not again—speak to me, dear, dear Gertrude," said Heinrich wildly—But she only smiled. His words and his caresses were alike in vain. She faintly returned the latter, but her mind was wandering in dreams; and with an agony of heart he never had thought he could experience, Heinrich at length gave over in despair, and wrapping his mantle closer around his companion, he pressed Gertrude to his bosom, resolving to cherish her to the last. Most gladly let her the last warmth of his heart. And the storm around went on, all unheeding of the two innocent beings living there in their own-made shrouds, far away from their happy home, where still the light burned in the window for their return, and their mothers sat, broken-hearted, together listening for their long-lost sons, with every man of the village—for were not Heinrich and Gertrude all-beloved?

—mouning in the holy labor, burying their much known resort, and under the pine trees, and in the streams, for the dear ones missing,—or dividing into parties, and spreading wide through the woods, with torches flashing out over the dark forests, and their warning hallcos ringing far and clear along the night. Yes!—they were all up, roused all over the village, by the announcement of danger. And for an hour they maintained their search, until they reached the little brook from whence Heinrich and Gertrude had set out for the Wahlenstatts. There they paused. Every cook, and dell, and cliff around had been ransacked in vain, and now all stood there in the torch-light, despair was seen on every countenance, and all felt that they would have to carry back to the weeping mothers of the lost ones in the valley, the tidings that their children were no more. But did we say all despaired. No—one had hoped, the pastor of the flock, the "father" for whom the mourners were even then inclined to be too hard turned out into the storm, hearing the wild hound to rove the lost, if yet they might be found—and now he stood there in the midst of the mourners, and laying his white locks to the icy wind, called on all to join him in a prayer that the storm might yet be tempered from death, and restored to their pastures. "I will hear! could not have joined in such a prayer. And even as he closed, a smile of hope and faith played on his face as if it were the face of an apostle: and just then, too, a favorite dog of the trade, which had seemed forgotten hitherto, sprang from the group, and with nose upon the ground, ran barking wildly away up the hill-side.

"My children," said the old priest, "God hath kindly answered our prayers, and now that dumb brute to lead us on our way. Not—he hath found the path the dear ones took. Was not for he who led the children of Israel with a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, will not do sort us in our extremity. Let us follow on—"

And they followed on he led. And on they went mile after mile, up the hill-side, and around the mountain, and then down into the valley, and up the hill-side once more, and away and away, until the child sir made even some of those strong men sleepy: yet never for a moment did the faithful hound waver from his way, nor did he allowers falter or doubt; but on they kept, until the storm had almost subsided, and fell two hour's time had passed since they set forth on their sad errand. Then, at length, a loud cry of joy the dog dashed madly forward; and that eager bound, old and young together hurrying on after him, sudden turn, the two dear ones they sought, lying side by side, in the half-disturbed nook, shrouded in the icy garments they had wrapped around them as they sank in despair.

They sprang to one man to their sides. But alas! though a smile was on each dear one's cheek, and though those cheeks retained their color as they lay, yet all other had fled from thence, and cold and motionless were Heinrich and Gertrude. Life on earth had enough their pure rest's hearts cause the conviction of their death. But the old priest did not yet despair. Laying his hand upon their hearts he ejaculated,

"They live—their hearts beat faintly still—praised be the Lord."

"My child—my child!" would their parents cold and stiff, with mingled sobs and thanksgiving they beat over the rescued ones.

Was there a dry eye there? They were all sisters, and brothers, for were they not "in us?" Nor did it shame their manhood that they wept. Soon, however, other thoughts came across them, and they hastily bore their charge from the mountain, and wrapt them in garments torn from the backs of lately men, and bore them on their shoulders home: and the first cheer and recollection that broke slowly on Heinrich and Gertude was in her father's cottage, with kind neighbors fanning the warmth in their chilled frames, and their parents hanging over them with tears of thankfulness and joy.

What more have we to tell of Heinrich and Gertrude? Nothing—except that ere four summers had flown she was the bride of the bold boy, who had cherished her in his bosom, in the fierce storm, and whose last wor saw her face, she sat smiling by, while her fair haired daughter told the tale of her mother's danger.—*Jersey Shor.*

Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA:
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good friends and customers of our subscribers at any time.

Fair Offers.

As we intend to keep the front rank, in both particulars literature and pictorial embellishments, we offer the following liberal proposals for 1841. Those who wish to commence the year with us, should let us know at once.

For $2 we will forward the Saturday Evening Post *there* and the Saturday Evening Post *here* one year, or the Post and Graham's Magazine for one year.

For $3 we will forward *two* copies of the Post and *one* copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, entirely original in its literature and embellishments, published with original sentiments EXCLUSIVELY, and conducted with ABILITY MONTHLY.

For $5 we will forward *two* copies of the Post and *two* copies of the Magazine.

Those who subscribe immediately, we will send three copies of the Post and three of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canada.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, all orders must be post paid, and these terms are allowed to NONE, unless the cash is received directly with the orders by mail.

The cash must accompany the orders.

The whole number of subscribers at a distance to, and their subscription to a enclose it in a letter post free to our address, and we frank it, and send it to Uncle Sam's mail bag, of our risk. Try it, as we scarcely make a dollar from a letter to Uncle Sam, if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are invariably forwarded.

Christmas.

Christmas has come and gone once more, and we can hardly wish our readers "a merry one." But though we are behind time, we will look forward a few days, and bid them one and all "a happy new year."

It is the season of sports. Every heart seems merry: and laughing fcms meet one at each turn; the shops are decked out in their gayest costume; and even the old bells of Christ Church, ringing their merry chimes, have a wilder joyousness than usual. Chesnut street is thronged with people. Every exhibition finds its sources on a huge sign-board, awakening the admiration of gaping youngsters, and a curious crowd.

But Christmas is home! How we all gather around our own fire-sides to talk of the year gone by, and to lay joyous plans for the future. The gray-haired sire and his mature son—the maternity with, and the young and happy bride—the old checked children and the little smiling infant, all celebrate together at a Christmas dinner, although perhaps they may be far from their accustomed seats for a twelvemonth. We love such re-unions. They keep alive family ties, and remind us anew of those who are dear to us. But how sad it is to meet, though it be only once a year, the old playmates with whom we once sported, now scattered to the four corners of the earth, and separated by a merry troop of children.

Now is the time for a Turkey war, more ferocious than that carried on by the Czar. Ayc! the old boasters of the farm-yard will have to come down to the hard times; and, like the old Philosophers, they will get cooked "hog and thugh" by our young Romans: and dough-nuts, ginger-cakes, pumpkin pie, mince pies, and the whole family of pies will share the general destruction.

"Merry Christmas and a happy new year
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

It is the anniversary of a Saviour's birth! All Europe, and America, and the far off Indies, and even the isles of the sea, are joining on this day to celebrate that glorious event. Bethlehem' and the manger! how deep and solemn they are. Not that changes have since occurred. Far away in that bright land, where first the tidings of his birth were told, the modern now stalks in haughty pomp, and the pilgrim's voice sounds feebly and minaret, to prayer. Judea is no more the Christian's home. The world is now his temple. The land of the Jew is stretched to the north, and dark idolatry broods gloomily across her vales, but empires, which then were lost in heathenism, now lie on the south and the light of Christianity. Yes, the poor outcast Jew, wanders homeless and lone less through the earth, yet looking, with all the hope of a martyr, to a restoration to that holiest of lands. Nor, if we may judge from the political horizon, is such a day far distant.

We have just received a letter envelope, enclosing some engravings from Lausanne in Switzerland. Welcome, welcome, Switzerland. We give instant place to your skin ing, on

Mr. Buchanan's Lecture.

The lecture of Morton McMichael, Esq, before the Mercantile Library Association on Friday evening last, was one of chief gentleman's manuscript efforts. The distinctions between National, and Individual Pride and Vanity were finely drawn and illustrated, and the eager hand, and the deep rooted approbation of the audience, on the part of the speaker. We admired most his views in regard to France, England, and the Country. The review of the history of America, of the Revolution, and of the character of the American People, may be rushed among the best specimens of that kind of writing. We listened to the speeches of Mr. McMichael, and he shines most, when under no restraint. His stump speeches are unsurpassed. In the chair, Mr. Buchanan did not let the dust of past ages, and come to the men of his own Country, was warmed with his subject, and a stream of fiery, but pure eloquence flowed from his lips, which held the closest spell-bound, and as he concluded, a thunder of applause told the power and effect of his eloquence.

The Lecture had evidently been prepared with care. It was elaborately and highly finished, and well arranged, and was delivered with the finest wit, and cutting satire. The opening was admirable, and as the lash was laid with right hand force, upon the head of Peter Porcupine, the fast gall, and then slander the citizens of this Country, the audience seemed to rejoice that the whip was held by the hand of a master. Mr. Buchanan given to the course Marryatt, in relation to his gossip with old women, and his collection of the kindred accomplishments of swearing, drinking, horse racing, &c. was finely polished, and we regretted that they were not followed up.

We have one fault to find with the lecture—it was *too long*. A fault, however, which many will excuse.

New Publications.

MEMORIAL, CORRESPONDENCE, AND CRITIC MISCELLANIES OF PRAISE AND VERSE, OF THE LATE JAMES SMITH, ESQ.—Edited by HORACE SMITH—2 vols. 12mo. Carey & Hart.—Who has not heard of James Smith, the wit and the humorist? Who has not read the "Rejected Addresses," a series of Parodies, which might have been a great man—as a fine lady had it—if he had not been a humorist? Well! here are his most brilliant efforts—unknown hitherto to us Americans, except by report—collected together into two neatly printed volumes. We wish them a ready sale.

James Smith, and his brother Horace, first came before the world as the authors of "the Rejected Addresses," a series of Parodies supposed to have been written by the poets of England for a prize, at the opening of the Drury Lane. They abounded with wit, and at once settled the reputation of the authors. Soon after then, James Smith has been at the head of the London conversationists, distinguished for his epigrams, his light effusions, and his never-ceasing play of fancy. In the book before us, some of his best productions are collected. There seems, however, to be a good deal of the punster in the author—a species of wit confessedly of the lowest character. The wit arising from the analogy of words, is so far from being the highest, that it is the very antithesis of the sublime. Every child is a punster, and a punster is a child.

Beneath the Pumpkin two wags chanced to pass,
Where a deep cart was loaded up with sacks of grain
Quoth Tom, note well, "Hail Batavia! a Cart!"
Because now and then, as a farmer's boy
"Not so," answered Richard, "how industry rages
Behold the sacks of corn, and call them Cart-loads."

Here the wit consists in the play upon the word *pumpkin* (pumpe.) How take the celebrated Graham's Lady at the Bridge, and the talk man's red beard to a tile, or the equally celebrated, though still finer, sentence in Balaklava, "Oh! woman! in our hours of ease uncertain, coy and hard to please," and the Whigs, in Queen Anne's reign, and of the re action, which, resulting from that trivial, overdone wit. Many of the best things in the book, however, are but wretched puns, and we regard as contemptible.

Acquittal of Mark.

This individual, whose trial we noticed at some length last week, has been acquitted. We were in error, however, in stating that the Court decided in favor of the admissibility of the ladies' dying declarations. They only decided that Stark was not an atheist, and waived the ultimate decision of the question. After the charge of his Counsel H. P. Brown, and E. Armstrong, Esq'rs, Judge Barton charged the Jury in his usual able and lucid style, when the Jury retiring, they only gave her that praise, to which the public had long before decided she was entitled, and by this act of justice, fully relieved poured their own taste, than made the reputation of the unborne.

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"Hark! through the fair woods dying
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GODEY'S ILLUSTRATED.—A new enterprise has been started at Penfield, Geo., by Messrs. W. & W. C. Richards. They propose to furnish a series of views, of the most interesting scenes in their native state, in monthly numbers, after the manner of the illustrations of Switzerland. The first number of the series has been received, and is for sale by Orrin Rogers, of this city. It is a beautiful specimen of American letter press and engraving. The engravings are from the pencil of New York, and exceed any thing we have seen of the kind. The first number contains the "Rock Mountain Pass" and "Chippewyan Encampment." The sketches, accompanying the plates are well written. This is a creditable undertaking, and should enlist the sympathies of the whole public, particularly, though as an American work, it is entitled to general patronage.

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THE ANTIQUITIES, A NARRATIVE POEM—by Dr. *J. M'Henry*—1 vol.—*J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a beautifully printed volume, and does credit to the publishers. They may be found at their bookstore, at the S. W. corner of Fourth and Race sts.

On the merits of the poem, we shall not yet speak, for our engagements have prevented us, as yet, from perusing it. Some of the critics praise it, and some even censure it. We shall see, when we recollect how few, as yet, can have carefully read the poem. Fair play, gentlemen, fair play.

LETTERS FOR IMMORTALITY—by *John Foster, author of "Essays on Decision of Character,"*—1 vol.—*James Loring, Boston.*—This excellent work, which has been held upon our table, by J. Whetham & Son, 144 Chesnut street, we can confidently commend to all, especially to families, and to the religious portion of the community. At the present season of rejoicing and gift-giving, it is peculiarly valuable. It is a work that should be put in the hands of every young person.

THE REPUBLICATION—BY MOSS BRIGHT—2 vols. *—Lea & Blanchard.*—A pleasant, quiet romance, more distinguished for its delicate touches of character, than for any stirring scene, or thrilling story. The heroine, is an almost faultless being, pure, noble-hearted, and governed by the strictest principle. We have perused the work with much gratification, and recommend it—which we cannot always do—to the patronage of families. The engineer man in the book we had better be supplied with those of a proper kind.

"GRAHAM'S LADIES' AND GENTLEMANS' MAGAZINE, *for January*, 1841.—This work has gone off, with a hurrah! We doubt if any periodical in the country ever received, so large an accession of new subscribers, in the short space of time. Nearly a thousand new subscribers have been added in one month, to the list. The opinions of the press are worthy of note. We append the following, from every quarter.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—Mr Graham of the Casket, one of the ablest writers in the Republic, seems to have made a vision which looks to the improvement of his periodical. We have been informed that he has purchased the title of Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine, and that the first number is before us, with a beautiful mezzotinto plate from Sartain, engraving of a lovely boy and a fine dog in perfect picture of what we daily contemplate with delight. The dog is a noble animal, and the boy correct, because the ladies in the picture are beautiful. Signed with a name, which is well remembered, and there is a gem from W. G. Clark, matched with one from Longfellow, and a number of other equally brilliant that the town which the

"Graham's Lady and Gentleman's Magazine, for January is out, and contains a number of amusing and entertaining articles to please both parties. The publisher—a species of which the fraternity, chosen at random, from the column before us

THE NEW YORKER.

Beneath the PUMPKIN two wags chanced to pass
Where a deep cart was loaded up with sacks of grain
Quoth Tom, note well, "Hail Batavia! a Cart!"
Because now and then, as a farmer's boy
"Not so," answered Richard, "how industry rages
Behold the sacks of corn, and call them Cart-loads."

"We have received the January number of Graham's Lady and Gentleman's Magazine. The title is really a splendid work, and is greatly improved in its appearance. The steel plate in full of the superior reading matter—It has an elegant engraving of Fashion, two pages of Music, with literary notices, Fashions, and the Whigs, in Queen Anne's reign, and of the re action, which, resulting from that trivial, overdone wit. Many of the best things in the book, however, are but wretched puns, and we regard as contemptible.

"The Dream and other Poems—by the Hon. Mrs. Norton—1 vol.—Carey & Hart.—The Hon. Mrs. Norton—the beautiful—the death of Mrs. Heman—the queen of English song; and even the carping Quarterly has at length awarded to her the proper rank of loving praise. But in so doing, they only gave her that praise, to which the public had long before decided she was entitled, and by this act of justice, rather proved their own taste, than made the reputation of the authoress.

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Latest Foreign News.

Arrival of the Acadia.

The Acadia arrived at Boston on Monday at 8 o'clock P. M. Pounds 60,000 in specie were established. Money remained scarce, but not so scarce as before.

The Parliament Presidents made a good passage out on her second trial. The arrived Nov. 27, but will not return until December 5th. Her next out, we suppose is to have more power put on her. The Acadia will sail for Halifax, next from Boston on the 1st, but on the second of January.

American stocks seem getting rather better. Mr. Biddle's letter has had the statement that the affairs of the United States Bank, but without any more details than have appeared here. The stock was higher than before. Some sales were made at £14 a £14 2s 6d.

We copy the following intelligence from an extra of the Boston Courier, and the engaging edition of the Journal of Commerce, and other New York papers.

Severe Gale.

A very severe gale was experienced in England on the 31st of November. Many vessels were driven ashore. Off Margate City of Rochester, all on board (30 persons) were lost; one; the brig Grecian, with all on board; the brig Superb, from Leghorn for Liverpool, were saved.

A Methodist Chapel at Falmouth was blown up by gas on the 29th of November in a single shot manner. The windows were all torn out of their sashes, in advancing our knowledge of the nature of the solids and mysterious fluid, and form an era in the history of electrical science.

Fatal Duel.

A singular affair has occurred in a late number of the Gateshead Observer, in which we would particularly call the attention of scientific men.

Accident has led to the discovery, that the iron which was taken from the letter of steam engines in many cases developes or gives out great quantities of electricity. About a fortnight since, the engineer men at a stationary steam engine on a railway in the neighborhood of Newcastle, happening to have one hand in a copious jet of water which escaped from an accidental aperture in the boiler, whilst he applied his other hand to the lever of the safety-valve, experienced an electric shock. This led to the discovery, that electricity was given out by the steam with great rapidity and might be collected as from a powerful electrical machine. It has been ascertained, moreover, that the phenomenon does not arise from any circumstances peculiar to the boiler or engine; but that the escape of steam from any iron vessel is sufficient; for in many instances, boilers have been tried, the steam has been found to develope electricity very copiously. The subject is being followed up by experiments, and we have brought under the notice of some of the most eminent scientific men of the day. It is not unlikely, that the newly discovered phenomenon may lead to important results, in advancing our knowledge of the nature of

FREEDOM.—The blockade of Alexandria continued. The Pasha has refused to allow the Consul to harat to the Porte, who had sold all his produce to the subjects of the Four Powers, and therefore left Egypt. The Pasha's son-in-law has also been removed. The blockade was to have commenced on October 6, as formally noticed by Capt. Fisher R. N. on the 22nd of Sept. The British and Austrian merchants at Alexandria produced another petition from Reschid Pacha, stating the 16th as the day, whereupon Capt. Fisher postponed it to the latter date.

Murder Discovered.

The districts of the Northern Liberties and Kensington were thrown into the greatest excitement on Saturday morning, by the discovery of the body of a man severely, under the flooring of a shed attached to a house which is occupied by Charles Keen. Some time ago, a man aged 68, named Samuel Johnson who had been most savagely and brutally murdered. The deceased occupied with his wife a room in the house which he rented from an Irishman named Michael Hoffen, also Hoffman. The principal tenant of the building lived upon the corner of Queen and Tarquhin Streets, and went out on Monday about 1 o'clock, as he told his wife, to see his son at seventh's dividend money, and was not after wards seen, till Saturday morning, when he smuggled and butchered corpse was discovered, the discovery being made by his wretched wife herself. Hoffen is supposed to be the murderer and to the following will show there can be scarcely any doubt indeed that he is guilty of the crime, but but little interference with Hoffen, he being considered a bad man, and having rightly at his house on the evening in question, and the jury having returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, sentence of death was pronounced upon him. Hoffen is a native of Germany, and has been for many years a resident of this city. He is a man of middle stature and rather stout, and has a florid cast of face. He was called to the bar of the Court, and when asked if he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he replied in a few words:—"Such is the account of the taking of Acre, written twenty-four hours after the attack began; a city which baffled Bonaparte and a French army, and has undergone, both in ancient and modern history, more numerous and desperate sieges than any other city in the world."

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City News.

CITY COUNCILS.—City Councils met on Thursday evening. After a few petitions had been presented and referred in Select Council, Mr. Gilpin, from a special committee, made a report, accompanied with a bill and resolution, reducing rent of the salaries of the Chief Engineer, and of the persons permanently employed at the College. Ordered to be printed.

The Gas Bill was brought up, and recommitted to a special committee.

An ordinance was passed, directing the Committee on Finance to prepare a tariff of fees for the City Solicitor.

A Committee of Conference was appointed relative to the bill touching the Trustees of the Girard College.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Mr. Isaac Wainwright, proprietor of the Oyster room at Head Quarters in Franklin Place, while on his way to and when near his residence in Spring's avenue, below Christian street, Southwark, on Thursday night about 11 o'clock, was attacked by a ruffian who struck him a violent blow across the forehead with a club, felling him to the earth, and then rifled his pockets of their contents to between $15 and $20. A person coming the description of the robber had called at Mr. Wainwright's residence the day before, and was supposed to have been the person who had also called with Mr. Wainwright's wife, and who is supposed to have been concerned in the offence gave rented up. The police are on the track, but along with him. A large number of witnesses were examined, and the case has been under trial until the evening morning. The magistrate has committed to Moyamensing. J. Murray Reed, Esq. prosecuted on the part of the Commonwealth, and C. Wallace Brooke, Esq. for the Commonwealth.

YOUNG THIEVES AND RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS.—Four boys named Thomas Neal, Neal Wyner, John Landreth and John Bennett, all noted young petty thieves, were brought before Alderman Laws of the Northern District, charged with the larceny of goods. The Alderman sent Bennett to the House of Refuge until the 22nd, and held the others over to Court. A female who had been arrested with the boys, and who had also been in the habit of receiving the plunder of the young offenders.

ALDERMAN JOHN JOHNSON.—It is with no ordinary feelings of regret that we record the death of this exemplary citizen and magistrate, although, from the feeble state of his health, we have for a long time anticipated the melancholy event. He died at his residence in Second above Race street, on Monday morning at the upper factory of Mr. Moore, in West Kensington, died on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Moore, it is said, has been appointed Chief Grant, the machine tender in the paper factory that was blown up on Monday in Lydia street, Kensington, was found on Tuesday morning in the ruins of the dead, besides being shockingly scalded, both of legs and one of his thighs broken.

HEAD OF THE MUSIC.—Commencing the search on Monday at Hoffen's house, a large club, stained with blood, was found in the cellar, the club having an iron hoop on the end of it, and the cellar and floor of the house, and the wall paper, in the corner of the room, and in the bed of the house, and in making the said discovery it was found that Hoffen's wife had also been murdered in the same manner as Johnson. In the former F. H. Mettler, and the latter M. Kastner were selected to carry the verdict of the jury.

THE LEGISLATURE OF INDIANA commenced on the 7th inst. Douglass McGinn was elected Secretary of the Senate, and Samuel Beach, Sergeant at Arms. It is said that the Democrats have a majority of 5 on joint ballot. The Democrats have also elected their candidate for Governor, Gen. Wallace, by a maj

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

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Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ Wm. H. Tutt, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent, vice John Anderson, Esq. resigned.

☞ L. Tomkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

To Correspondents.

The tale of "The Highwayman" from an esteemed correspondent, we regret to say will not suit the columns of the Post. The chief character is deficient in moral firmness, and yields to temptation with a readiness which greatly mars the effect of the plot.

"C. B." has been received. His poetry shall appear at an early date.

"The Past" wants the distinctness of the author's pieces generally. There is a vagueness in the imagery which destroys much, if not all, of its beauty. It is, however, improved, from its last reading; and shall appear at an early day.

"What Strains Low and Witching!" is a pretty little piece, and shall be given out for insertion. The writer of this piece possesses many of the best requisites for writing poetry.

"Marian" we would like to oblige, but find ourselves compelled to decline her verse.

"Lines to a Sea Bird" we cannot publish. They have some excellencies, but more defects. Poetry is not an art to be learned easily, though rhyme-making is. It requires fancy to constitute a writer even of the second order, and none can be one of the first order without imagination. Many of our correspondents, however, want both, and we daily receive pieces, unexceptionable in their rythm, but totally devoid of poetry. Do young writers know that poetry is not confined to verse? We have seen more real poetry often, in a prose article of Professor Wilson, than in whole columns of dry stately verse, yclept epics, by moon-struck authors. Let our correspondents first learn to criticise, as well as to write, their own pieces; and if, after a candid review of them in their own mind, they find them without fancy or imagination, they may take our word for it, they are not poetical. This faculty of criticising their own productions is all essential. We know a man of some talent, but of infinitely worse taste, whose poetical effusions are good *only by chance*; for never knowing what to adopt, or what to reject, he publishes his pieces, just as they are struck off in the first heat of composition. This is an act of folly, of which even Byron, though confessedly the most careless writer of his day, was never guilty. He always wrote a hundred lines one night, and then reduced them, on the following night, to less than fifty. Why then should young authors refuse the "*limae labor*?"

"L. B's" tale is too slight in incident, and too unnatural in its characters. We cannot publish it. The tales we have already printed have been generally copied throughout the country, and we cannot either injure our own correspondents, or our own reputation, by publishing inferior articles.

"To my Mother in Heaven" shall appear at an early day.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

[illegible]

General News.

The New Brunswick Murder.—The Newark Daily Advertiser remarks that it was obviously a premeditated, cold-blooded tragedy, perpetrated at an hour of the day and under circumstances that indicate a most extraordinary degree of hardiness and infatuation. It would now seem too, that there was no other person in the house than the murderer and his victim, and that the dreadful deed was done by one hand, without an accomplice. Robinson's brothers James and William, have been discharged, after full examination, in which nothing was elicited bearing directly on the murder, on their own recognizance each in $100. James testified that the prisoner offered him $50 to burn the house, after the murder, saying that he hated to live in it—that he would not sleep in it for three such houses; and neither he nor his wife, who was in New York at the time of the murder, and went to the house of his brother William when she returned, have since spent the night there.

Rail Road Accident.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Hickok, an old gentleman well known through the country as a teacher of music, and the publisher of several musical books, in attempting to jump on to a train of cars crossing the Rail Road bridge over the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, had both of his legs fractured.

The unfortunate gentleman has since been obliged to suffer the amputation of both his legs below the knee. The operation was skilfully performed by Dr. Rutherford and other physicians of Harrisburg, and was borne by the patient with great fortitude. He has since been as comfortable as his critical situation would permit, and his physicians think there is a reasonable prospect of his recovery.

New Printing Press.—Among the ingenious labor-saving machines of the day, says the Boston Mercantile Journal, one of the newest, and not the least remarkable, is a new printing press, of a small size, designed and constructed by Mr. Ruggles, the ingenious machinest of the Perkins Institution for the blind. This press is of a small size, but of beautiful workmanship, and is designed for the speedy and handsome execution of the smaller jobs of printing, as heads of bills, shop-bills, circulars, &c. It is truly a labor-saving machine—as it executes its work in a rapid manner—printing a thousand copies an hour—and is managed by one person, whose business is merely to lay on the paper to be printed, with one hand, and to propel the machinery with his foot.

Fugitives Arrested.—Two rogues, named John P. Arlin and David P. Webster, who had been arrested at Providence, R. I., for forging lottery tickets, but broke jail on the 19th ult., and for whose apprehension a reward of $200 was offered, were arrested about daylight, on Tuesday morning, at No. 70 Canal street, N. Y. The Sun says, it appears that one of [illegible]

[illegible]

Dec. 1840.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
26 Saturday,	7 25	4 35	4 4	
27 Sunday,	7 25	4 35	4 49	D. H. M.
28 Monday,	7 25	4 35	5 31	
29 Tuesday,	7 24	4 36	6 13	
30 Wednesday,	7 24	4 36	6 55	First 2 2 17
31 Thursday,	7 24	4 36	7 39	Full 8 11 15
1 Friday,	7 23	4 37	8 27	Last 15 4 3
2 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	9 11	New 31 5 49

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A.M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 6 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M. & 5½ P.M.	Western at 5 A. M. 9½ P. M.

Married,

In this city, on the 31st of August last, by the Rev. Mr. Gerry, Joseph Prosnard Thomas, Printer, to Miss Rebecca Snyder, all of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 17th inst. Mr. Blanchard Kibble, to Miss Louisa Chambers.

On the 24 inst. by the Rev. T. T. Waterman, John Dubois, to Catharine Ann, daughter of George Cline, of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the same, Amos Chase, of Springfield, Mass. to Mary W. daughter of the late Henry Bates, of the same place.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John B. Meyers, to Mrs. Margaretta Carr.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. T. T. Waterman, William J. Morrison, of Pittsburgh, to Elizabeth, daughter of George W. McClelland, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday, 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boddardo, Matthew Anderson, M. D. to Celeste V. Rush, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, John R. White, to Caroline, daughter of Wm. Wurts, Esq. all of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. J. Nicholson, Mr. Stephen James, to Miss Mary A. Lucas, both of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Jonathan Shay, of Montgomery county, to Miss Isabella B. Sommers, of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Stephen A. Mealy, Samuel Schober, to Jane Markrina, daughter of Wm. B. Mott, Esq. all of this city.

In Orange county, Va. on the 10th inst. the Honorable Richard H. Field, of Culpepper county, to Miss Philippa Barbour, daughter of Judge Barbour.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 20th inst. Mr. John Tipton, to Miss Margaret P. Pennington.

On the 8th inst. at Mrs. Gen. Pike's, in Boon county, Kentucky, by the Rev. Wm. Whittaker, John Hunt, Esq. to Miss Zebulina A. P. Harrison, grand daughter of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. John B. Clemson, Mr. Robert O'Neale Phillips, Printer, to Mrs. Louisa D. Mooney, all of this city.

In Jeffersonville, Indiana, on Sunday evening, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Mr. Henry A. Emmons, formerly of Philadelphia, to Henrietta E. daughter of the late Henry E. Mayer, Esq. of Anne Arundel county, Maryland.

Died,

[illegible]

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A new volume of the old and well established family newspaper,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

is begun with the present number. The volume is opened with material improvements, both typographical and literary. The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately re-published in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this fields, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals; and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish these to their subscribers in advance of every contemporary. The editors will also keep an eye to the best new American tales afloat, giving, always, the preference to the writers of their own country. In order, however, that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

First Family Newspaper

in the United States, arrangements have been made with the first authors of the country, for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

ORIGINAL TALES,

historical sketches, poetry, &c.

We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly

☞NEUTRAL IN POLITICS,☜

and that as news and literary journalists, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall studiously, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partisan politics.

The paper is now printed in beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family*" [illegible]

[illegible]

John Enghart, Hartsville.
Isaac Thomas, Upper Dublin.
John W. Stackhouse, Hulmeville.
Parry & Brittain, New Hope.
Elias Tillyer, Springville.

Lancaster County.

John Zimmerman, Lancaster.
S. M. Harris, Salisbury.
James M. Sparran & Co. Fairfield.
Levi Haines, Quarryville.
Benjamin Brenanan, Bart township.
Benjamin Bower, Strasburg.
H. & N. E. Slaymaker, Williamstown.
A. K. Whitmer, Paradise.
John Gross, Ephrata.
Jacob & Samuel Miller, Brickersville.
Demong & Clauser, Hinckletown.
Jacob Hart, Beartown.
Davis Wallace, Earl township.
Frederick G. Lennert, Lititz.
Peter Good, Earl township.
A. L. & L. Custer, New Holland.
J. Wonderck, Front street, Columbia.
S. M. Keraner, Churchtown.
Wm. Buchanan, Cambridge.
Thomas Hines, Intercourse, and Hatville.
J. & H. Bruner, Bird in Hand.
John B. Brubaker, Petersburg.
John E. Diffenback, Marietta.
Wm. S. Campbell, Maytown.
Benj. Hammond, Hammondsville.
John Funey, Chesnut Level.
John Sheffer, Manheim.
Jas. B. Farrow, Mountjoy.
Sweigart & Shirk, Springville.
W. & E. Watson, Dromore township.
☞ Nine or ten names of agents for this county are lost.

Northampton County.

Samuel Saylor, Easton.
Matthew Krause, Bethlehem.
John D. Harman, Jr. Harman's Quarries.
Daniel Ritter, Butztown.
John Leaser, Freemansburg.
Peter Sheffer, Hellertown.
D. S. & S. Weaver, Weaversville.
George Weber, Kreidersville.
Abm. Gish, Berlinsville.
Jacob Bauman, Lehigh Gap.
D. Heberling, Weissport.
Caspar Christman, Mauch Chunk.
W. H. Cool, Beaver Meadow.
John Smith, Black Creek.
Reed & Butler, Rockport.
Adam Hower, Hower's Mill.
Daniel Siegfried, Bath.
[illegible] Bettel, Nazareth.
[illegible] A. Long, Williamsburg.
[illegible] & S. Small, York, York county.
[illegible] Shay, Cornwall, Lebanon county.
[illegible] Ogilby, Carlisle, Cumberland county.
[illegible] Oaks, Chambersburg, Franklin county.
[illegible] Bell, Harrisburg, Dauphin county.
[illegible] Chester & Son, Jersey Shore, Lycoming county.
[illegible] Gaddis & Son, Uniontown, Fayette county.
[illegible] Thompson, grocer, 153 Library street, Pittsburg, Allegheny county.

Berks County.

[illegible] Miller, New Store, Amity township.
[illegible] Knabb, Oley.
[illegible] C. Evans, Morgantown.
[illegible] McKinley, Douglassville.

NEW JERSEY.

Gloucester County.

[illegible] Kelly, Little Egg Harbor.
[illegible] E. Mansell, Camden.
[illegible] A. B. Sailer, Woodbury.
[illegible] & Lippincott, Haddonfield.

[illegible]

THE GLOBE.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Burns.

Inscription on the tomb-stone in the memory of the young Poet Robert Ferguson, in Canongate Churchyard, by his friend Robert Burns:—

"Here lies Robert Ferguson, Poet,
Born September 5th, 1751,
Died October 16, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay
No storied urn, nor animated bust,
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust."

On a tablet at the head of Ferguson's tomb, the following laudatory lines are recorded:—

"O Robbie Burns, the man the better
And art thou poor—and poor forever
And hear thou crowd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall we find another
The world around!"

Go to your sculptured tombs ye Great
In a the inmat trash of state;
But by the honest turf I'll wait,
Thou scaul of nature,
And weep the sweetest Poet's fate
E'er lived on Earth.

Autobiography.

The editor of the New Yorker thus quizzes a piece of poetry in the Knickerbocker,

"The editor of the Knickerbocker is a humorous fellow and a pleasing critic, but being from necessity and the calls of nature an eating and a drinking animal, like the rest of us, he is liable to the ills, and a disordered intellect. From the editor's table he gives us part of an original poem, entitled "The Brother's Duel," "a filling piece of fragment," depicting with "unmistakable pathos, a small family," or rather the members of a small family, 'inquiring for their father, who has fallen in a duel with his brother.'—Down in front!

'A voice yeath'ed in the room—
Wild fervid his glassy moon;
He raised, while sagering his gown,
Where is my father—where is he?'

'The mother sat without a word
And led them all in, where
Stretched and in corpse upon a board,
The father lay—cause.'

To which we add,

Your father he was not to fight
All with his one more brother,
And now he has some home to make,
And I'm your widow'd mother.

Our friend Clark says, in his editor's table, from which we make these extracts—and we cannot account for such a preference—"The Brother's Duel is richer than the mournful homecontation" for the young man who died from the bite of a rattle snake. Let the reader judge between the criminals:—

'On springfield mourning there did dwell
A lately youth and known full well;
Lofticant Carlett's only son,
A likely youth nigh twenty-one."

'He went on to the mustering Militia
A cartridge box he (it copy)
And all at once he then did feel
That I was sister him his hard.'

Then we are told that "the victim departs for home immediately, until great concern of mind in relation to the reptile's attack."

'Crying aloud, oh! me is went
On cruel cruel so as past."

We threw up our cap for the victim of the as-ot-ar pent."

Love.

A boy!—with curls of crispy gold, like thee
Lips like the fresh sea-coral in his cheek
The sweetest laughter-ruddee, and remaining hope
Perpetual Sport color in his benevolence eye.
The great of them both is the same hands
A quiver, and light arrows, and a bow
With which he stings his votaries' wiling hearts.
Among Poet winglets his vantage ground
Where he can light; then flies (for passion is
Flown to its wandering pinions) to send
The wounds he hurt both hands, and others there.
Like a good sportsman (all sport's in love)
Or, sweeter case makes them bleed again.
Then Love's patron, and his page of life
Wi i is To who's abroad.

Economy.—My friends—while you sit at your own fireides with mirth, contentment, and abundance smiling upon you—while you hear the young dancer in the adjoining or the way-farmer encamment—while the messengers of Death ride astride of the blast without, and shout their frosty arrows hither and thither—I beg you remember the poor! Lend them your help, and with that pity extend a crust and a copper. They belong to the human family as well as you: they have the same feelings, and can endure want and deprivation no better than you. Take them a mite from your abundance and add to their sustenance—and the tears of gratitude they will spill on the occasion will more than overflow your cup of earthly happiness, and all the honor, the glory and the praise shall be yours forever and ever.—So miss it be.

Marriage.—How variously have the poets sung of marriage! Milton that it is a

"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets"

Dryden likens it to a ship riding at anker he says

When land's in sight, Love safe at anchor rocks,
And thinks forty of the vessel and cables
But tossing once that hold, to the wide ocean bore,
It driven away at will to every wave a scorn.

In another place, however, he exclaims after quite another fashion:

Marriage, thou curse of Love, and state of Life!
That first defeated a woman to a wife!

This is consistency with a vengeance, but it should be borne in mind, that a poet has to write up to the requisites of his style.

Hudibras, or rather Butler for him, gingles thus:

And wedlock without Love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key;
But a kind of Rope to marry
Your dog left without a friend.

Poor Ozias he who died like death of a beggar, says in his Orphan,

——Marry!
When I am old, and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate enough to do't,
And take a wife to mortify withal.

Fatherhood.—The most striking proof of real friendship within our knowledge, is afforded by a captain in the Niagara Militia, who was possessed of a cow and a bench attached to him, that the poor animal naturally plashed and roasted herself for his dinner, having previously eaten a quantity of sage and onions.

Learned Defense.—The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland, has given occasion to a very amusing saying, regarding a clergyman. "He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the *school of Dunse*, *find* finally settled minister in the parish of *Dorse*!"

Cut Positive.—"You're a fool," said a cockcomb one day to a client.

And the answer he got was a quiet one:

"Why, dang it! you pretty say true, I must own: if I isn't quite a fool, I be near one."

A Rem.—"You do not suppose that O'Connell wishes to heal the breach that exists between the two kingdoms *asunder*?" said a Talisman. "No," replied Mr. Pike, "he only wishes to *increase the Head*."

Longmore Mistake.—A gentleman accustomed to the contents of the files in which he was a partner, having to sign a baptismal register of one of his children, entered it *as the son of Smith, Jones & Co.*

Queer Yet.—"I know well enough," said a fellow, "where fresh fish comes from, but where these are salt ones are catch'd, I'll be hang'd if I can tell."

Philosophy.—"All is well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
To the Constellation Aurora.
BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Way of the Heavens!—thy glittering strings
Ten thousand thousand years have told,
Since o'er thy frame the mighty wings
Of Time outwearied rolled;
And still from that primeval morn
Thy zone magnificent and lone,
Thy pure resplendent zone,
Pure nightly, as of old.
When Chaos o'er the ground went his car
To catch the scenic of each sphere.

How fondly gazed that old man's eye
On the dread wonders there above,
Wooed by the anthem's swelling sound,
Beckoning of unseen love:
Whose brooding wings shed coolness blest
O'er pensile orbs and starred abyss.

Like Heaven's own holy dove—
For he, on those bright cycles, had caught
Notes from the hymn-land of thought;

And heard thy music, mighty Lyre,
Struck by the finger hand of Time,
Rolling amid yon worlds of fire,
Their choral march sublime.
How heaped his soul with rapture swelled his pulse!
To hear those awful numbers roll
In one eternal chime!
And dream that, freed from Earth's dark sod,
Already he communed with God!

Bard of the Stars!—then left at the dance
Of theirs: his theoretic thousand spheres.
Wheeling in their distinctive tracks,
Through the unnumbered years.
Unnerved alike had life or death
The storm's career—the tempest's breath,
Or fifty—times and hours—
Still—still locked those clouds fast.
"Quickest the Poet of the Stars!

Thou art alone! at twilight's close,
And on the night's transparent zone,
Solemnly weaving thy wild hymn
And soothing lute—
Like some red harvest, whose high heart
Would from its native sphere part!
Lured by that glare too soon,
And 'mid the desert's utter gloom
Wist unaccompanying its doom.

Alone! oh, sacred one, dost thou
From that rare contrast hail behold
Nature's which amidst the human brow.
And greek that hath controlled
Vanity so sad, or low, or loud.
Bright Monitor of the star-paved cloud!

Sound on, oh mighty Harp!—thy strain
Comes floating lastly on the night—
For we may never hear again
Thy pure and sacred light;
But oh, let Memory's spirit touch
Rest all unbowing of our dream:
Hush, Time, thy flight,
Start your thy glorious music still.
Alike unsatisfied by good or ill.

Sound on! but those sweet tones of hope of earth.
Whose strings lie shattered, cold and lone,
Shall yet, restored by godlike worth,
Resume their godlike tone.
While then must be, oh! sentient lyre,
Destroyed in Nature's funeral pyre,
And broken on thy throne:
Where they, enlumined by earth-born fire,
May lead, like thee, the dance of stars!

Oh, glorious hope! Oh, thought divine!
Soul! lived by the promised time
Know at thy God's eternal shrine.
And breathe thy thanks for Him!
Harp! lift once more thy joyous song—
Bear us—oh, bear us with thee along.
Our earth and far above!
Hail with a smile Death's gloomy frown—
Poesy! be to thy lay the last dream known!
Louisville, 1840.

The Guardian

Adeline Fitzmaurice was the daughter of a wealthy merchant; she had lost her mother in her childhood; and she was the only survivor of a large family, her father's whole care and attention was bestowed on her, and the remaining hope of his age, and he looked to her for all his happiness. Adeline, at the age of eighteen, returned from school to become mistress of her father's house, a gentle, beautiful, and accomplished girl; and Mr. Fitzmaurice looked with pride on his daughter as the gracefully presided over his elegant and well regulated house.

But his satisfaction was of short duration. He sought a lover: and, in a very few days Adeline Fitzmaurice was an orphan. But though h's death had been sudden, he had, notwithstanding, taken care to make every provision for the happiness of his darling child: and had left her in the paternal care of a gentleman who had been his particular friend in early youth; a gentleman who had always remarkable for his correctness of conduct, goodness of disposition, and quiet, unobtrusive manner. He was past his youth, though still somewhat inclined, he had reached that period when people, in general, begin to call an unmarried man an old bachelor; for Mr. Ashley had never seriously considered, that Miss Ashley would never marry. He had taken an aunt to live with him, who directed the domestic management of his house, which was in the country; and year after year passed quietly and happily away, while he pursued his own tranquil employments, or continued to add to the comfort of the poor around him in the neighborhood. In confiding his daughter to the care of such a man, Mr. Fitzmaurice felt that she was certain of being safe and happy; at least as far as it was in his power to make her so; and the circumstance of Aunt Margaret's residing with him, obviated any impropriety in her making his home her home during her minority.

As soon, therefore, as the first violence of grief for a beloved parent was abated, Mr. Ashley accompanied his fair ward to his house, and introduced her to his aunt, who was much struck with the interesting appearance of the young and lovely mourner. Aunt Margaret was one of the best natured creatures in the world, and both she and Mr. Ashley took all means in their power to alleviate the sorrows of their guest. Poor Adeline soon found in the gentle and obliging manner of her guardian a soothing relief from her fears for her future welfare; and, in a very short time, became more contented with her situation than she ever expected to be again.

Mr. Ashley was very little changed; but after the arrival of the young heiress, he so far relinquished his usual habits, as to encourage the visits of the neighboring gentry; for he, as well as Aunt Margaret, thought it a pity to keep a young creature, who had been accustomed to all the gaiety of a town life, shut up in the country without seeing any one but two elderly people, who could scarcely be agreeable companions for a girl of eighteen. Mr. Ashley was always ready to give up his own wishes to gratify his friends; and as he never was once known to fail in supplying that in which he considered it his duty to do, it was no wonder if he gave up his usual retired habits to gratify the daughter of his earliest friend, now that she had been confided to his care.

But on Adeline his kind intentions were thrown away. Not that she seemed ungrateful for his care; indeed, every instance of his attention to her was met by the warmest gratitude; but in this instance his case appeared to be needless. Adeline seemed to have transferred all the affectionate respect she once felt for her father's friend; and when she walked with him over his grounds, or sat with him and his aunt by their comfortable fireside, no one could be more tranquilly happy than Adeline Fitzmaurice.

It was not to be supposed, that with her fortune and her beauty the young heiress could want suitors. Before she had been a twelvemonth in her new residence she had several proposals, which, indeed, were the common topics of the neighborhood about to silver: they sometimes thought they could be said; they knew that Miss Fitzmaurice was soon to reside a girl to refuse such good matches if they had been offered to her, and to stay at such a stupid place as Mr. Ashley's. But Adeline was perfectly satisfied with her present situation, and never could be brought to even speak of changing.

When Mr. Ashley found that his fair ward was thus perfectly at home and contented, he began to leave her more to herself and the company of Aunt Margaret, and generally spent the greatest part of the day in his library, as he had done before her arrival. Adeline was not long in perceiving the change; and her gentle and affectionate disposition would have led her to her guardian less attention than usual; but, to make up for her imaginary fault, she redoubled her assiduities when they met; but the result was still the same: Mr. Ashley, unconscious of the uneasiness he was giving her when he left her unnoticed for hours together, and plunged into amongst his books, while poor Adeline wandered alone about the grounds, thought of poor father and sighed.

Two years had passed, and the third had commenced since her residence at her guardian's commenced. Adeline had become thoughtful and meditative; she was no more the cheerful companion of Aunt Margaret; and when company came to the house she was closeted and confined if she could not avoid them; and it was with the greatest difficulty she was prevailed upon to accept none and then an invitation from some neighboring family. Her aunt often surprised by the entrance, in tears, as she walked slowly amongst the trees in the beautiful grounds of Mr. Ashley, who never failed to augment her sorrow and, indeed, she had, the kind old lady now herself that a fearful change had taken place in her young charge. She tried in vain to find out the cause, but was unable; as she remarked to Mr. Ashley, that Adeline was certainly falling into bad health.

Much alarmed, Mr. Ashley found himself of an hundred things that he had neglected with respect to his care of her. He was to her as a father; her only protector. He should have consulted her more to the ways she had been accustomed to. He should have kept more company; he should have gone with her to town. In fact, he found many very many things that he had not done; for it was evident that something was wrong; Adeline had lost the glow of health; her step had lost its elasticity, and, though still her mild eyes still looked upon him with the same gentle affection, he felt that he was blameable in his conduct toward her. All his efforts to make her acknowledge that she was unhappy were unavailing. She wished for no alteration in her mode of life; she liked no one well or ill. She was profuse in her acknowledgments of his kindness, and delighted to call him her kind guardian.

One evening, in the early part of the summer, Mr. Astley entered the room where the ladies usually sat. Adeline was standing at the window, seemingly in deep thought. The old lady immediately perceives the entrance of her guardian. He looked at her, and his benevolent heart bled for the distress of one of his fellow creatures.—Perhaps, said he, though she has refused to tell me the cause of her uneasiness as yet, that, at last, may conquer; and when it becomes it would be to me to see that sweet girl happy.

Mr. Astley approached the window: Adeline turned round. Her eye she had been weeping; and a blush suffused her face, when she saw him. Perhaps, at the detection of her tears: perhaps from some other reason.

"Adeline," said Mr. Astley, "something affects you. Why will you deny me the pleasure of trying, at least, to remove the cause? Am I not your guardian, in the place of a father to you? and have I not promised your father on his death-bed that I would consider you as my child? If I have neglected anything that would have contributed to your happiness only tell me. Give me the slightest intimation of your wishes, and it shall be the greatest pleasure to me to attend to them.

"Oh, no, sir, you have neglected nothing: you have been all kindness, and I can never repay it but by the grateful I feel for your care and goodness."

"You are very good to say so, but remember, Adeline, that in affection for you I am not to be blinded to the cause of your present grief. Perhaps there may be some of them that you regret; perhaps, upon second thoughts you may be some one more worthy of your regard than myself. Tell me, my child," for so, indeed, he would always call her, "perhaps, you were engaged to some one before you came here, whose absence you regret?"

"No, Sir; I regret the absence of no person." He was sure that this matter spoken with effort, and he had distressed his fair companion: he placed his arm round her waist kindly. The good man was affected by her thought of having given distress to any one.

"Forgive me, dearest Adeline, but it is natural to suppose that a girl of your age might have formed some attachment. I shall hear myself if I have given you pain, however."

Adeline leaned her head on his shoulder, hiding her face against his bosom. A sudden thought struck Mr. Astley; an idea that made him almost start: he drew the trembling girl toward him, and pressing his lips to her forehead, left her and alleviate the sorrows of their guest. Poor Adeline soon found in the gentle and obliging manner of her guardian a soothing relief from her fears for her future welfare; and, in a very short time, became more contented with her situation than she ever expected to be again.

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Two years had passed, and the third had commenced since her residence at her guardian's commenced. Adeline had become thoughtful and meditative; she was no more the cheerful companion of Aunt Margaret; and when company came to the house she was closeted and confined if she could not avoid them; and it was with the greatest difficulty she was prevailed upon to accept none and then an invitation from some neighboring family. Her aunt often surprised by the entrance, in tears, as she walked slowly amongst the trees in the beautiful grounds of Mr. Astley, who never failed to augment her sorrow and, indeed, she had, the kind old lady now herself that a fearful change had taken place in her young charge. She tried in vain to find out the cause, but was unable; as she remarked to Mr. Astley, that Adeline was certainly falling into bad health.

Much alarmed, Mr. Astley found himself of an hundred things that he had neglected with respect to his care of her. He was to her as a father; her only protector. He should have consulted her more to the ways she had been accustomed to. He should have kept more company; he should have gone with her to town. In fact, he found many very many things that he had not done; for it was evident that something was wrong; Adeline had lost the glow of health; her step had lost its elasticity, and, though still her mild eyes still looked upon him with the same gentle affection, he felt that he was blameable in his conduct toward her. All his efforts to make her acknowledge that she was unhappy were unavailing. She wished for no alteration in her mode of life; she liked no one well or ill. She was profuse in her acknowledgments of his kindness, and delighted to call him her kind guardian.

One evening, in the early part of the summer, Mr. Astley entered the room where the ladies usually sat. Adeline was standing at the window, seemingly in deep thought. The old lady immediately perceives the entrance of her guardian. He looked at her, and his benevolent heart bled for the distress of one of his fellow creatures.—Perhaps, said he, though she has refused to tell me the cause of her uneasiness as yet, that, at last, may conquer; and when it becomes it would be to me to see that sweet girl happy.

Mr. Astley approached the window: Adeline turned round. Her eye she had been weeping; and a blush suffused her face, when she saw him. Perhaps, at the detection of her tears: perhaps from some other reason.

"Adeline," said Mr. Astley, "something affects you. Why will you deny me the pleasure of trying, at least, to remove the cause? Am I not your guardian, in the place of a father to you? and have I not promised your father on his death-bed that I would consider you as my child? If I have neglected anything that would have contributed to your happiness only tell me. Give me the slightest intimation of your wishes, and it shall be the greatest pleasure to me to attend to them.

"Oh, no, sir, you have neglected nothing: you have been all kindness, and I can never repay it but by the grateful I feel for your care and goodness."

"You are very good to say so, but remember, Adeline, that in affection for you I am not to be blinded to the cause of your present grief. Perhaps there may be some of them that you regret; perhaps, upon second thoughts you may be some one more worthy of your regard than myself. Tell me, my child," for so, indeed, he would always call her, "perhaps, you were engaged to some one before you came here, whose absence you regret?"

"No, Sir; I regret the absence of no person." He was sure that this matter spoken with effort, and he had distressed his fair companion: he placed his arm round her waist kindly. The good man was affected by her thought of having given distress to any one.

"Forgive me, dearest Adeline, but it is natural to suppose that a girl of your age might have formed some attachment. I shall hear myself if I have given you pain, however."

Adeline leaned her head on his shoulder, hiding her face against his bosom. A sudden thought struck Mr. Astley; an idea that made him almost start: he drew the trembling girl toward him, and pressing his lips to her forehead, left her and walked hastily to his own apartment. He threw himself on a chair, and, for some time, the tumult of his thoughts was so great, that he could scarcely recollect himself. "And is it possible," thought he, "that she loves me? Can it, indeed, be possible? That sweet, gentle girl, who has expected the most agreeable young men in the neighborhood! No; I must be mistaken; and yet, what can I infer from her behaviour, unless I have been so negligent, so cold, so unworthy of her." The good man shuddered at the idea of unkindness to any one; and he felt his love for Adeline so reflected that she was a young and lovely creature, who had honored him with a regard that he considered far above his merits. He thought that the sacrifice of domestic peace and attention from Adeline, that had before passed unnoticed. Her fondness of his society; the anxiety she had manifested in his duty to do, it was all contributed to confirm his opinion, and he wondered how it had never struck him before. What a load of happiness had been his! What a burden was he about to impose upon her!" In a moment all his established notions of single happiness vanished. His solitary pastimes, his books, his retirement, appeared desolate, unsocial, miserable; and the idea of living the closeted of the young Adeline almost overpowered him.

The next morning, when they met at breakfast, Adeline was, if possible, more than usually melancholy; and Mr. Astley, though his whole thoughts and attention were taken up by her alone, scarcely spoke; so that Aunt Margaret had the whole conversation to herself. After breakfast Mr. Astley left the room, and was gone for a few minutes. Mr. Astley took up his hat and followed her. There was a walk at the bottom of the garden, which, being shaded by a row of lime-trees, was usually called the limewalk, and, after some time, Aunt Margaret, getting tired of being alone, stood to the window to see what was become of them; she caught a glimpse of Adeline's white dress through an opening in the lime-trees, and at the next turn saw Mr. Astley walking arm-in-arm up and down the lime-walk.

"I am glad," said the old lady to herself, "that poor Ada has taken a fancy to walk with some one, and not be always wandering alone, and though Frederic is so grave, yet he is so kind-hearted and sensible, that she cannot have a better companion."

Mr. Astley quickly to her work, but dinner time drew nigh, and still was alone. They have taken a great liking to the walk, said she, if they are there still, and putting on her spectacles she went again to the window; she saw that they were still walking there, and she thought she had the honor of Adeline pressed to Mr. Astley's bosom.

Poor child! said she, he is advising her about something. I am sure he loves her as if she was his own daughter. Some time after they entered, and says more observant person than Aunt Margaret could not have failed to observe that a look of deep-rooted contentment had taken place of the care-worn look that Adeline had latterly worn, and that Mr. Astley's benevolent countenance was lighted up with happiness.

"Well, my dear Ada," said the old lady, when she entered the room next morning, "Frederic has been telling me what surprises me a great deal, and also gives me great pleasure. I could never have thought it; but if you do not mind the difference of age, I am sure you could not have a more amiable husband."

"I will hope, Madam," said Adeline, "that I may be worthy of such a one."

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BY ——.

Oh! I am free as the mountain wind
Of scars did my sorrow begin,
And I've dwelt with such child of earth
Though I dwell not in joy and sin.

Young I am, for eternal youth
To me, was kindly given,
I mark all others, though I not mark,
Yet a home I am from Heaven.

Great is my power, I smile in the sun
Through the tears of strength and skill,
And dearly does man my caution prize
Though they know not my will.

Charity dwells within my smile—
For I receive from the poor and old,
I chase them, with many a simple aid,
And their coffers I fill with gold.

And I am the friend of the sick and dead,
With tender hands I fly,
Where the last rude breath or gentle breath
Re-checks the rising sigh.

I lend his thoughts to a weary land
Where'er there is sorrow and pain,
And his home, by a cooling breeze is fanned,
For he knows that I am there.

I rest the Poet, pale with thought,
And partner his visions of fame—
'Till he thinks, that I am the brightest bought
If he leaves an immortal name.

I am always welcome, wherever I come,
All smile to see me stay—
A friend I am, to youth, and love,
And my welcome's the same to-day.

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Then turn from the haunts of sorrow, and taste
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